Fron County Register

BY ELI D. AKE. TRONTON, - - MISSOURI

. IN SICKNESS.

All the long day I seem to float away
Through the gray mists that hide both sea
and sun;
I hear the plash of waves: I feel their spray,
And still my boat is drifting further on.

Love cannot reach me: death and night alone Are with me, and with ever-deepening shade Curtain me round, till darkness thick has And belpless hands are stretched in vain for

God has forgotten; only pain has life, And weakness stealing soul and sense away. God has forgotten, and amid the strife I hear the unknown sea and feel its spray.

Paint through the darkness shines a tender Soft falls a voice I cannot help but hear:
Through waters deep thou passest, yet thy Sight Full soon shall know thy Lord was always

Drift as thou wilt, my boat, if, as the tide
More swiftly ebbs and bears thee out to sea,
That love unchanging may with me abide,
That voice still sound, that light still lead to

-Helen Campbell, in Our Continent.

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Thrice Lost in a Struggle for a Name.

BY MRS. R. B. EDSON. CHAPTER 1.

Where Massachusetts Bay sweeps towards the Cape, intrenched in green hills and golden sands, sleeps the good old town of Plymouth, memorable, as all the world knows, for being the landing place of the English Puritans more

than two centuries ago. All this, being a matter of history, we pass by, and introduce, without further preamble, the Anderson family. I have never seen the genealogical records of the Andersons, and am not sure of their legitimate descent from the Puritan stock. Be that as it may, they inherited their stern virtue and uprightness of life, whether it came by blood, or by the more subtle influence which permeated the atmosphere where they lived and died so nobly and purely.

Benjamin Anderson owned a farm of some sixty acres—very prolific in this-tles, sweet-fern and pitch-pines. "By the sweat of thy brow shalt thou earn thy bread," admitted of the broadest and most literal interpretation in his case. He wrought patiently, early and late, and thereby succeeded in wrenching a comfortable living from the un-willing soil. The sea befriended him in many ways. It drove away the frosts that looked enviously on his unripened to coax the fire up chimney instead of fields; it washed lavish quantities of its coming into the room, as it had for kelp from its gray rocks to enrich the the last half hour. soil, and furnished his table with an shundance of dainty fishes It was heside, a continual inspiration. Rolling in from far away misty skies, infinite and illimitable as the thought of Heaven, it sung ferever of action, and prog-

ress, and victory. The farm house, facing toward the sea, was backed by a long, low, undulating hill, and this again by another, more abrupt and pronounced, densely set with great spreading pines, looking like a vast emerald bowlder thrown up against the pale sapphire of the skies. Below were little rifts of green valleys; roads gleaming like pale gold in the sun: a shallow rush-bordered brook. brightened by scarlet cardinals, and perfumed with meadowed mint; and beyond all, the glare and flash and sparkle

of the sea. It was a lovely place-this pleasant little farm in the south of Plymouth: had it not been, the Andersons would have long since listened to the advice of Tom Arnold, Mrs. Anderson's brother, and sold it. Tom had been in the West a dozen years or more. He had grown rich there, and so was enthusiastic about the country. It is often the case that Eastern people who do not grow rich in the West, are not particularly enthusiastic about it!

Ben Anderson had long since given

up the thought of being a rich man, if he had ever cherished it, as he probably had at some time in his life, as nearly every one does. He had grown to be content with what he had, and only now and then a letter from "brother Tom" broke up the calm of his spirit. As long as Myra was content he did not care. But "Myra" was not exactly content, though he did not know it. Tom's glowing descriptions had fallen into her heart like a spark of fire, which, as yet, had only smouldered in darkness and silence. She had a woman's love for it would be a hard look.' pretty surroundings. The bare white floor, which she scoured thrice a week. was not quite satisfactory, notwithstanding its spotless whiteness. She had a very feminine weakness for soft carpets and "stuffed" furniture, and as Tom wrote her about his, how elegant they were, and how much he gave for them, and so forth, her own half dozen "cane seats," and her carpet manufactured by her own hands from strips of cloth sewn together and woven into a heterogeneous melange of all conceivable colors, grew more and more unsatisfactory to her. She had a vague idea His mother he could "bluff off," as he that "the West" was a sort of Aladdin's Lamp, that transmuted poor people into rich ones without the slightest ceremony.

There was another thing that influan only child-so much hope centers in | ly dark, and the wind whirled the rain these only children. Ralph reminded and spray, and great handfuls of green her of her brother Tom a dozen times a leaves which it had stripped from the day-fiery, daring, ambitious, chafing trees, against the glass, almost shutting against the narrowness and poverty that out what little was left of the rapidly hedged him in, as Tom had done. Tom had gone West. Ralph declared his intention of going to sea. This was what filled Myra Anderson's heart with fear supper. Outside the storm and darkand dread. Years ago, when she was little more than a child, her father's grew ghastly and indistinct, and fitful She dropped his vessel was driven ashore on Manomet shadows crept shivering through the rocks, and Captain, mate and crew, sixteen in all, were swallowed up in the searching for rest. Suddenly the dull boiling surf. Long years of calm and boom of a gun broke with a slow, sullen quiet had slipped between, but through crash through the pauses of the storm. them all she saw forever one face, the sea-weed tangled in the dripping hair, his father to the door. The wind caught and about the neck where her arms had it from them, and lifted it from its and hallooing with all his might. But twined so often and so fondly. If only they were West, Ralph would forget his passion for the sea, she said, sitting possible, but not before the light had with Tom's last letter in her hand, flared and gone out, leaving them in a late and so did not pause nor turn, but, weak, slender woman as she was, kept far in advance of him.

The dozen men on the shore were too with Tom's last letter in her hand, flared and gone out, leaving them in all busy to notice her approach, but one of he will habble on crutches the rest of ing, have heartly wished themselves duced to deal more leniently with him.

American Register. her boy.

"Mother!" rang out sharp and clear,

see how black it is, and-0, mercy!" corner of the house, and dashing it

against the door with insane fury.
"Nonsense! Who is afraid of a little rain and a puff of wind? I only wish I was outside—wouldn't it be jolly!" making a telescope of his hands, and

looking off. "Ralph!"

become a gale.

drowned, must I be a coward and turn away my eyes every time a wave comes in?" he asked, petulantly. "I saw in a newspaper the other day an account piece of meat—do you suppose his de-scendants will all forswear meat? Pshaw! I am going up to the hill; I sight. I shall not get shipwrecked up there," he added, dryly, as he drew on an old oil jacket of his father's.

"You are just like Tom-"Yes, so I have heard," he interrupted. "I suppose you wish I was like Rob Thatcher. He is a nice specimen-he is."

"Ralph, Robert wasn't to blame if Lulu was drowned. You do wrongly to fearless spirit.

"Wasn't to blame! Well, if I had a sister, and the boat upset that we were in, do you think I'd run home and wrap my face up in my mother's gown and he did, everybody knows, and I say he nervous hand. is a miserable coward!" he cried, with flashing eyes. "I only wish I had out of the room too indignant to make more talk about the matter.

The wind increased momently, and the spray from the incoming waves hung like a veil along the long reach of dripping sands. A hollow, hungry roar came up and crept away behind the hills in shuddering echoes. A limb from the great poplar in the yard fell against the windows with a crash just as Ben Anderson drove up to the barn

"It's the hardest storm we've had these ten years-a regular old-fashioned line gale," he said, coming into

"I am so glad you have got home, Ben!" she said, coming and laying her hand on his arm.

He saw how white she was, and noticed the hand on his arm trembled. "What, nervous, little woman?" he

asked, smiling. "I was so afraid the trees would blow over and frighten the horse when you came through the woods," she replied. with a little hysterical sob. "And the sea—just hear it!"

"He is in the storm as well as in the calm, Myra," he said, gravely. But seeing how nervous she was he did not for it." tell her how near her fears had come to the truth. A great pine, standing close to the road, had gone over as he came by, just clearing his head, and grazing the back of the wagon. One nstant later and it would have crushed him to death, and Myra would have

waited in vain for his coming! "Where is Ralph?" he asked, looking round, a sudden fear that he had gone down the harbor overtaking him. "I never saw such a boy-unless it was brother Tom. Why, he is rigged up in your old jacket, up on the hill; he would go. He thinks this is 'splendid'-this terrible storm-and wishes he was outside!" she added, with a

shudder. "Heaven help those who are outside," Mr. Anderson replied, soberly.
"Do you think there are any vessels

on the coast?" she asked, anxiously. "They had been looking off with their glasses from Cole's Hill for an hour or two when I left town. There was a large ship just discernible in the distance. The spray was so thick twas next to impossible to make her out. I hope she managed to keep out to sea; with this wind driving her, if she became unmanageable from any cause,

"Father! there's a sail outside, and it's driving in toward the point," Ralph cried, excitedly, opening the door, twisted her skirts about her limbs, it which sent a sudden sheet of flame and drove the salt spray into her eyes, but smoke half way across the room.

"Come in, Ralph," Mr. Anderson commanded. "But I want to go down to the beach,

father. I'-"Come in, I say," he repeated, sternly. Ralph shut the door and came slowly through the porch into the kitchen. It would not do to disregard his commands, he had learned that thoroughly. called it, but he never tried it with his father.

"You could not stand on the beach an instant in this gale, Ralph, and the spray drives clear up to the windowsenced her. Ralph was most fifteen, and see!" And as he spoke it grew sudden-

waning light.

Ralphsprang to his feet, and followed

startling her from her pleasant reverse. with her ear against the pane. Out-She put the letter hastily into her side, on the broad stone step, Ben dress and came out into the little porch. Anderson, with Ralph by his side. A door came to with a sharp clang, and listened to the crash, crash of the min-for the first time she noticed that it was ute guns that came up through the tervery dark, and the wind was blowing in rible rumble and roar, sometimes with little sudden gusts that threatened to startling distinctness, and anon caught up by the fierce wind, and tossed "I'm going up to the hill, mother— to and fro till it fell back into the sea, isn't it splendid?" Ralph asked, excited- and was lost in its hoarse diapason. ly, his blue eyes darkening and dilating. The guns suddenly ceased, and the To the hill! Why it rains now, and sky lowered darkly over the moaning sea, and though they waited and This exclamation was caused by the listened, no sound save the shock of wind lifting a barrel that stood at the waves and shriek of winds came up again from the stormy east.

The lamp was re-lighted, and the family sat down to supper with white, grave faces. The simple "grace" which Ben Anderson never omitted, had in it a word of earnest supplication that "He About half a mile from the shore a shir who holdeth the waves in the hollow of lay on her side, the waves washing over His hand would keep those of His her, and tossing their foaming spray "Well, mother!" turning sharply children through this hour of terrible high above the broken masts and batand if it was His will, bring them all safely to land."

There was a little pretense of eating, but none of them ate more than three of a man choked to death by eating a or four mouthfuls, and with common consent they rose from the table.

"Have the tea-kettle full of hot water, Myra, and perhaps you had better want to see if there are any sails in bring out the blankets, too," said Mr. Anderson, taking down his lantern. "I am going down to the beach, and though I think the ship has gone south of us, it won't do any harm to have things ready."

"You don't think she is ashore here, do you, father?" Ralph asked, hastily. "I hope she is not ashore anywhere, but I didn't like the sudden way those minute guns stopped. If they can only speak so," she replied gravely, but with keep her off an hour longer, till the tide a little secret thrill of pride at her boy's turns. These fierce gales don't generally last long, fortunately."

"Can I go, father?" and in the example. Mr. Anderson hesitated, and glanced gotten him. at his wife. She was white as death, and once or twice the plates she was recry, while she drowned? That's what moving from the table slipped from her time, because the thoughts of a lifetime

"No, my boy; you could do no good if you went, and it is not likely there is | bered that he had spoken sharply to him been there—such a pretty little thing anything to do. Stay with your mother for coming, and bade him get out of the as she was! It's a pity it wasn't him— till I come back; I shall only take a look way, telling him it was "a boy's place the great baby!" and he flung himself along the shore;" and he shut the door at home until they were large enough to out of the room too indignant to make and went out, Ralph and his mother be of service, instead of being in the watching the fitful gleam of the lantern till a turn in the path hid it from

Mrs. Anderson finished clearing the one slight form had filled. table, filled the tea-kettle and put it on the fire, and then going to a large blue er, but, with the feeling one experiences brought them out and laid them on the He hardly dared turn his eyes toward table. Then she went to the window and looked out; but the rain, which had increased since nightfall, beat against the glass with blinding fury, and the sashes creaked and rattled as if some invisible hand were seeking to wrench them from their fastenings.

The moments slipped slowly away; the kettle sent out a little cloud of white | say!" full hour, and still, though they strained | picture he saw: their eyes to get a glimpse of the lantern's pale glimmer, everything was dense, pitchy darkness.

"I can stand this thing no longer, mother," Ralph said, eatching up his cap. "There's trouble, or father would know what it is, even if he punishes me

Mrs. Anderson knew it would be useless for her to object, and besides the suspense was getting too painful to bear much longer. "Be careful, dear; the waves are

strong and high, and if anything should happen to my boy!" "O nonsense!" he interrupted, as she

stooped and kissed him, "what a coward you would make of me!" but he put his arms about her neck, nevertheless, and returned the kiss very fondly and tenderly. Willful and impetuous as he was, the mother knew his heart was very tender, and gentle, and so she remembered only that, and forgot his

Again Myra Anderson waited and listened as the moments went by with agging feet. The tide had turned, but the storm did not abate, as usual; indeed, to her excited fancy, it grew wilder every moment. By and by she came back from her post at the window, and proceeded to wrap herself for going out. She could endure it no longer, she thought, as she opened the door and stepped out into the thick darkness and drenching rain. Even that, fierce as it was, was a relief from the dead incubus of suspense and dread which had been settling down upon her for the last hour.

The wind caught away her breath, it twisted her skirts about her limbs, it still she struggled on-staggering, falling two or three times, but resolute as only a weak, timid woman can be, when those she loves are in peril. It had been growing steadily upon her for the last hour that Ben had been caught in the surf, and when she saw. far down toward the Point, the ghostly glimmer of lanterns moving through the mist as if carried by invisible hands, she was sure they had found him-they were bringing him home! She gave a little,

sharp cry, and put her hand to her heart. "Hullo! Well, well, if this don't beat all natur-I declare!" cried a surprised voice, and a lantern was swung so close to her face that its sudden light blinded her. "What upon earth sent you down here? it's no place for a woman such a night as this," and Ned Bradlee looked, as he felt, astonished.

She could not speak, but catching his arm she pointed towards the shore, and the moving lights. "Yes, yes," he said hastily, "but go home, Mrs. Anderson, you can't do any

of rain and spray. "Goodness sake! what does ail the woman?" he exclaimed, gazing after her an instant and then hurrying on. "Mrs. Anderson! Mrs. Anderson, stop," he black materials are most conducive to

of a dim, brooding gloom. Mrs. Ander- them heard Ned Bradlee's shout and his life. -N. F. Sur

son crept to the window, and listened looked up. He took a step or two for ward, and between the dull glare of the lights on the shore and the one Bradles carried, he caught the outline of a woman's form. Something familiar about it made him pause an instant, then with a business of the Republican leaders from bound he sprang up the dripping, sedgy sands and caught her in his arms.

"Myra! are you crazy?" he cried. holding her white, stony face toward the the party, and which, by their sharp light Bradlee brought up.

"O, Ben! and you are not dead?" she gasped, with a long, shivering sob. "Dead! What put that into your brain?" he asked, with surprise.

"You were gone so long! and then all those men-what are they here for?" she said slowly, as if just waking from a

He drew her a little closer in his arms and turned her face toward the sea.

"We have been trying to save them, but it was too late; they were probably exhausted and sank without a struggle -poor fellows!" he said, gravely.

"O, that wreck-why, I had forgotten!" she said, shivering and turning away from the gloomy picture, which however, photographed on her brain indelibly.

"Hurra! hurra!" came up from a point dozen rods or so to the south. Somebody was swinging a lantern wildly over and over his head.

"It's Ned Bradlee," said one of the men. "I saw him headin' that way a minute or two ago. Can't be he's found anybody alive now."

"Wait here, Myra; till I come back," Anderson said, hastily. A sudden-thought had sent the blood back with an icy chill to his heart. Ralph had gone down that way nearly a half hour ago, and in the excitement he had quite for-

But he had full time to remember now as he ran on after his neighbors-full sometimes crowd themselves into one little moment's space. He rememway of men who might do something." O, who in all the world could ever fill the place-the little place-again, that

But he was getting nearer and nearchest in the bedroom, took out a pile of in nightmare, it seemed as if his feet blankets and a roll of flannel, and were lead and he could not lift them. the little circle of friends and neighbors lest he should see the pity in their

"Just look o' there, I say, neighbors!" cried Bradlee, "and tell me if your ever see the beat o' that. Yes, feller citizens, if you want to see a hero, just you look at Master Ralph, I

mist, and the blankets lying over the Ben Anderson stopped short and chair-backs were so warm that Mrs. gazed at the picture, and his eyes grew Anderson drew them back once or suddenly blind; but it was not the rain twice, but Ben Anderson came not; and | nor the spray of the dashing surf which now it was nearly an hour-and now a made them so. And this was the

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Exercise and Health.

Dr. Jaeger, of Stuttgart, a gentleman

whose theories touching the influence not stay so long, and I am going to of exercise and clothing on health have lately made considerable stir in Germany and Switzerland, had his attention first directed to the value of exercise, by his own ill health, the result, as he afterward discovered, of a too sedentary life. He noticed that wild animals, though they had no thought for their health, are nearly always whole; and he asked himself: Wherein lies the difference between soundness and delicacy of constitution, and whence arises predisposition to disease? To solve these questions, he began a series of observations on the effect of gymnastic exercises on the human body. He compared the health of school children, who went through a regular course of gymnastics, with those who did not, and he found that the absences from illness among the former were forty per cent. less than among the latter. In an other gymnasium, the difference was eighteen per cent. In a girls' school, in which gymnastic exercises were given, the absences were almost nil. "Exercise," he says, "by draining the body of its superfluous moisture, hardens the tlesh, and hard desh is sounder than soft flesh. Sweating baths produce a like effect. They draw moisture from the blood, and quicken the renewal of the body." From these facts the Doctor draws the conclusion that hardness of flesh is the distinctive mark of robust health, softness of flesh a neverfailing sign of delicacy of constitution. The soft-fleshed are more liable to disease, by reason of their diluted blood. Exercise and perspiration, moreover, are powerful remedial agents, in that they often enable the body to get rid of the germs of infectious disorders before they produce positive illness. But, in Dr. Jaeger's opinion, exercise and perspiration will not induce sufficient hardness of flesh for perfect health, unless the right sort of clothing be worn. The right thing in clothing is woolen next the skin. Hence flannel shirts should be worn all the year round. A piece of moist flannel, he says, laid on the breast of a fever patient will reduce the pulse in a few minutes from thirty to forty per cent. He has further ascertained by actual admeasurement. that the body wastes less, and therefore renews itself more slowly, when clad in cotton or linen, than when clad in woolen clothing. The reason of this is that whereas woolen tends to draw the blood to the surface of the skin. cotton

and linen do the reverse. The doctor has a theory that woolen acts as a sort of disinfectant. If you put a piece of linen and a piece of flannel on your breast for a few days, he She dropped his arm and sped away says, the linen will have an unpleasant like a deer through the blinding storm odor, while the flannel will smell as sweetly as at first. The color of clothing is another matter of great importanee. Undyed stuffs are the best, and among colors, indigo-blue and bluethe preservation of health.-London

-A Wisconsin boy won a wager with

The Stalwarts and Half-Breeds.

It is evident even to the most careess observer of political affairs that the main, if not practically exclusive. now until the meeting of the National Convention will be to reconcile the hostile factions which at present divide antagonism, so largely contributed to its recent defeat. Unless this reconciliation can be effected, there is not the ghost of a chance for Republican success in 1884. It will be interesting, therefore, to inquire how these two factions - "Stalwarts" and "anti-Stalwarts," or "Half-breeds"-were divided, what are the points at issue between them, and the prospects of thoroughly uniting them within the next eighteen months. As there has been no formal separa-

tion, and consequently no opposing

platferms of principles put forth, it is, of course, impossible to trace with ab-

solute accuracy the line of division.

That it began with the beginning of the Republican party is, however, sufficiently plain. As early as 1856, when Fremont was candidate for the Presidency, Republicans were by no means a unit in feeling, except so far as beating the Democracy was concerned. One wing, composed of the old Abolitionists and their sympathizers, favored was content with preventing the extension of slavery into free territory. In Conservatives, as they may be called, had their hands full in keeping such from doing fatal damage on the stump. In Illinois, for instance, it was considment to let Lovejov speak as far south agers give him permission. The electhe family disagreement, but it will be for reasons not necessary to mention, brought heavy reinforcements to this

was the first Stalwart defeat. When an immortal crime had placed a usurper in the Executive chair the Stalwart and anti-Stalwart Republicans assumed the relative positions they Washington still lives," and the proboccupy to-day. Hayes sided with the antis; released the South from the bay- at the hands of the American people, onet and carpet-bag yoke, patronized without regard to the specific agencies reform in a small way, snubbed Conk- they may employ to carry their will into ling, and took no stock in the third effect .- Judge Tourges, in Our Continent. term business. Among the Stalwarts

it may be said that None knew him but to curse him; None named h m but to damn." Directly and indirectly, however, he contrived to pay back his enemies with interest, and probably considered himself "even" when the second Stalwart defeat came in the nomination of Garfield over Grant. Of the brief triumph of the antis, the longer triumph of their opponents, and the earthquake which has lately flung both factions "in a heap" it is needless to speak. As they now stand, what is it each represents? This question is easier asked than answered, but it is sufficient for our present purpose to say that Stalwartism is understood to mean, in one shape or another, "boss" and "machine" rule, the Civil Service just as it is, just enough reform in that and other things to fool the people, 'the spils system'' in its utmost perfection, and any device short of actual force that will restore Republican supremacy in the South. Anti-Stalwartism is understood to mean the destruction of "boss" and "machine" rule, some important changes in the Civil-service Department, some real reform there and elsewhere, and letting and of his own magnificence, finished the South in general and the negroes in particular entirely alone. Here, then, is a wide and deep gulf, the first indications of which were visible twenty-six years ago, and through which of existence, substituting Know-Nothflows the stream of accumulated differences, jealousies and hatreds. How men of the North and South were ommay this gulf-now deepened and wid- nipotent, and the deluge of 1861-'5 ened by crushing disaster for which overwhelmed the country. each faction blames the other-be successfully and permanently bridged? test. Whether it can be or not the next eighteen months will tell. Meanwhile duct is natural, and neither more nor a united and jubilant Democracy are less reprehensible than that of Fillmore preparing with con dent courage to meet and teat the enemy in whatever shape he may present himself. To all mirers are most unjust in the fierce perhuman appearance nothing but Demo-

Judge Tourgee on the Republican De-

The late reverse has been frequently compared to that which befell the Republican party in 1874. There is, in fact, no parallel between them. Then there was no hostility, no rancor, no clearly-defined line of internecine strite. It was only lethargy, inaction, or undefined dissatisfaction that brought disaster then. There was no factional bitterness displayed. The party fought under terrible disadvantages. There were some desertions; very many shirked the conflict; men were op-pressed with a terrible burden of financial disaster, and vaguely hoped that change might bring relief, but no one whetted his knife for the slaughter of his comrade, and no one felt when the conflict was over that he had been made a victim of revenge or been betrayed by the ambition or envy of an ally. This state of feeling is one that is not easily overcome. Men are human, whether "Stalwart" or "Half-Breeds," and it is fair to presume that the proportion of patriotism and honesty in the one faction is not perceptibly different from that in the other. Men do not readily forgive each other for calling them either "scoundrels" or "traitors." even though such appellations are well deserved. Only the fusing heat of some great national crisis can bring the immediate extinguishment of the two factions together so as to act slavery; while the other, composed of harmoniously in the campaign of 1884. harmoniously in the campaign of 1884. old Whigs and converted Democrats, There may be protestations of union. The pipe of peace may be smoked in crowded wigwams. The hatchet may the campaign of 1860 the two wings were be buried with ceremonious ostentastill at odds on this question, and the tion. Kisses may be exchanged. Sorrow and pardon and oaths of fidelity may seem to mark a complete radicals as Owen Lovejoy and others reconcilement, but the lesson which the "Stalwarts" have been taught in '82, In Illinois, for instance, it was considered a doubtful and dangerous experito learn in '84. The Republican party, as a distinctive political organizaas Alton, and not until he had promised tion, is as dead to-day as if Cheops had to be discreet did the Republican man- been builded over its ashes. There exists now only one party—the Demotion of Lincoln and immediate breaking | eratic-which is warranted to resist all out of the war temporarily suspended change, no matter what the exposure. Over against it are set two hostile facremembered that one of the most seri- tions, either of which would rather the ous difficulties with which the new Ad- Democracy should prevail than that the ministration had to contend was the other should triumph. Only some great persistent grumbling and interference vital issue, some question having a marof the Abolitionists. They charged row of universal right, can unite these Lincoln, who was born in Kentucky, factions. It is by no means certain that with being a "a Southern man, under such an issue can be raised during the Southern influences," therefore un- next two years. That such an issue worthy and unfit to lead a strug- will not arise during that time would gle baptized in the sacred blood of seem to be as morally certain as any John Brown. His uncon werable pa- future human event can be. It is not tience and marvellous tact enabled him as we would have had it. It will wring to hold his worriers at bay until the many a heart to admit that the grand war was virtually over, but had he lived old party of human liberty is a thing of a year longer they would have forced the past. But it is better that it should him to yield to their demands or die of internal discord than of old age. made his second term more uncom- It has had a stormy and eventful career. fortable than the first. The experience and it were far better it should perish of Johnson in attempting to carry out by dissension than die of dry rot. One Lincoln's Southern policy shows what consolation every member of either facwas in store for his predecessor. When the Fifteenth Amendment and Civil an party might commit hari kari, but no Rights laws had supplemented emanci- enemy was ever able to compass its depation, the radical Republicans concen-struction. The King is dead. We wait for trated their efforts upon the South, what shall come after. If wisdom and which owes to them the ineffable in a- patriotism prevail in the councils of the mies of "reconstruction." From 1865 Democracy its opportunity has come. to 1874 the party was to all intents and With seventy-four per cent. of a majorpurposes radicalized, though there was ity securely in its grasp in the States of always a respectable minority having the South, there is no apparent reason conservative proclivities and occasion- why its term of power should not be as ally making a feeble effort in the direc- long as that which its late adversary has tion of reform. Grant's second term, just concluded by an act of self-destruction. Very few of either faction, it is probable, regard the result of the late minority and threatened to change the election with entire satisfaction. The balance of power. Then it was that severance of established political asso-Blaine, bitten by the Presidential taran- ciations is sure to bring regret. No tula, endeavored to rally the Radicals friendships live longer than those which around his flag and bestowed upon them | bind earnest-minded partisans to each the name they have since borne. The other. The man who is intense enough man whom "Stalwarts" now hate with to fight for an idea is sure to acquire an intense and inexorable bitterness affection for his comrades in battle. Bewas the first "Stalwart," and the nom- | youd this there is perhaps little to be reination of Hayes over Blaine in 1876 gretted. When a party has no common underlying idea—no specific moral purpose to justify its future existence, very little harm can result from its death. "The Lord reigns, the Government at lems of the future await their solution

Vice-Presidents Never Successful.

It is a curious fact that Vice-Presidents becoming I residents have never conducted successful administrations. Mr. Arthur, it is evident, will constitute no exception to the rule. Tyler almost destroyed the Whig party, and was never honored by the Democtacy. He fell heavily between two stools, and was never litted up by those he abandoned or those whose sympathies and contidence he claimed. In truth, without injustice to the dead, his name has given origin to a term which is added to the vocabulary of Webster's Unabridged, and a peculiar sort of treason is involved in the "Tylerization" of a party.

Fillmore, a Vice-President, succeeded President Taylor, who served only four months. Taylor succumbed to boiled cabbage and the sun of July, after laying the corner stone of the monument now steadily rising toward the clouds in honor of George Washington. No sooner was he entombed than Fillmore. like Tyler and Arthur, began to create a cabinet and a policy and party of his own. Fillmore, in fact, full of himself the work that Tyler had begun, and, like Arthur, absolutely destroyed the bridge over which he was borne into office. He crushed the Whig party out ingism, and then at length extreme

Mr. Arthur's effort to distinguish himself from Garfield and show that he This is the problem that is puzzling Re- is capable of defining and executing a publican engineers and must be solved policy of his own, is somewhat ludiin time for the coming presidential con- crous, perhaps, in view of recent partisonal as-aults they make upon the excelcratic folly of the worst type can p event a Democratic victory in 1884 as decisive House. He wanted a machine of his as that of 1882.—St. Louis Republican. own. He wished to "boss the machine." He ought to be recognized. -Why should a man who is int a bad He was not content to rest unseen in the fix be said to be "up a tree?" Lots of deep shadow of Garfield's glory. We men who have stood in the midst of a make these suggestions that the Presia playmate by holding his foot longest men who have stood in the midst of a make these suggestions that the Presion the rail ahead of a locomotive; but ten-acre lot with a cross bull approachdent's Republican enemies may be in-